



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY CANADA.

COPYRIGHT MAY 1895

No. 32. Head-quarters, 15 Esther Street, Toronto, Can.

TORONTO, ONT., JUNE 6th 1886.

Mailed for one year for \$1.00. Price 3 cents.

No. XIV. - TREATIES.



General's Letter.

TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY

World.

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

---o---o---o---

ourselves to love Him with all our hearts to acknowledge Him before all the world to devote our possessions and time and influence and talents to His service; and to lay down even our lives in the war raging between Him and His enemies. In short, we have declared that we have given ourselves living sacrifices to assist in bringing the rebel world to His feet.

Were I to attempt to describe what He has engaged, on His part, to do unto, and to do for us, I should want a hundred "War Cries," and then time and space and ability would fall far in the effort. You know it in your hearts better than I can tell you. He has engaged to be our God, and as God to give us all needed protection and provision, placing at our service all the mighty resources of His government, standing by us in life and death and judgment, and ultimately giving us victory and glory in His coming Kingdom.

My comrades, every Soldier in The Army has let his name and soul in some respect to this contract. The latest recruit is a party to this treaty; but with some doubts, the contracting may have been done without that deliberation which its majesty demands. But with thousands and tens of thousands of men and women, this solemn league and covenant has been entered upon with all manner of thoughtfulness and deliberation and purpose.

This treaty has been so secret. It has been made on the house top. The inhabitants of Heaven and earth and hell have witnessed it and the details of it.

comes from their own past failures—may suggest, you can reckon as the Almighty God knows true to every promise and declaration He has put in that treaty. You can stand on your feet and look the future in the face and say to men, angels, and devils that "the God with Whom I have made this offensive and defensive alliance is a true God, and He is going to prove it in my own history."

The question now comes up. Are you going to be true to your part of the transaction? The fight is thickening and the hopes are rising in the bosoms of the angels that something is going to be done that will vindicate Jehovah and be to the credit of His Cause, and they want to know if you are the people who can be reckoned upon to do it.

There is a chapter in Church history which you can look up. You will find it in 2 Kings xxiii. and it where The Salvation Army of that day came forth, made a treaty with God, and to their everlasting credit was true to it. "They stood to their covenant." Will you stand to yours? You have made one. It is written and preserved among the Celestial records. Will you have it brought out in the day of reckoning with the same satisfactory endorsement which is given to that of these angels?—The Salvationist made a treaty with God and he stood to it!"

Standing to your treaty means understanding it. Let every Salvationist look up, and think what he has promised God. "The Spirit manifest in which, about what some make their vows and

His compassion. He will fight for you.

Partly yourself with the memory of the promises and failures that have come upon you in the past, when your faithlessness has driven God away from you.

My comrades, let us be bolder and more courageous than ever. Bring out the treasure found in the days gone by and renew them. Stear to show silent. Men and women with honest hearts and daring purposes, in league with Jehovah should fear nothing, should hope all things, and be the terror of all evil beings. No among the number, my comrades, and believe me.

Yours in heart and soul,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

Even the Chimney Sweep.

A man came to sweep the kitchen chimney. Intending to him I asked him to what country he belonged. He answered, Germany. I told him of my meetings for Germans at home, asking if he had ever been to the Army. "Yes, once," he replied. I walked away, but had only got a few yards when the spirit said, "You did not ask him if he was saved, go back, and do it." I went back. During the conversation it came out that he had read these words, "It takes a lifetime to repent—no repent repeat, and get forgiveness all at once." I gave him my own experience, and not that right. The next day, was coming out; why

SENSATION.

The world loves sensation. It dotes, and feeds, and lives on it. It will have it in social circles, round the card-table in the billiard room, in the ball room, on the stage, in houses of vice in imitation.

In short, it will have it in connection with anything but religion. It takes anything sensational in religion, because it takes religion. True religionists have always been sensational.

Lake Noth, when building the ark. Like Moses, when lifting up the serpent in the wilderness. Like David, when dancing before the ark. Like Samson, when facing the pillars. Like Daniel, in company with lions. Like the Apostles, when said to be "drunk with new wine." Do you wonder at the Salvation Army?

Do you take the War Cr.

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCH.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MONTREAL, N. B. Opened with a Lark. Great crowds in spite of other attractions, and two oaks. More to follow.

CAPT. COOPER. IN COMMAND.

Have you had the Advance?

The light carried us back to thought to the days when we had first come to the Training House, and had each each other the spiritual warfare. "Are these Christians always saving?" Could the walls of Jerusalem, still risen, and bequest upon, we should not have had to watch for our safety. But this lesson of eternal prayer is not one taught alone at the Training House: the true Salvationist everywhere lives upon his knees. I remember thinking once, at my eye fell upon the shiny, thread-lane lace of an Officer's uniform. "It's really too shabby; he should put a new one." But further inspection showed that the rest of the lot looked well enough.

We passed on to the lecture-room, and entered ourselves behind the heavy folds of its dividing curtain, now drawn aside, and presently the holy ether, glowing in. They scattered themselves all over the great room, in pairs, walking up with arms on each other's shoulders, or in groups, gaily saluting, while each stood alone under a window alighted in his Bible. Soon a voice struck up the hymn.

"There's one more river," and a score took up the strain.

"There's one more river, And that's the river of Jordan; There's one more river, But one more river to cross."

As I listened, I remember a girl to whom the Lord had shown that she must spend her life for Him in a strange land, and who nestled between my feet, as she heard that hymn. "One more river! There are seven all the way!"

To the average man or woman, the lot of a Salvationist soldier in a foreign country would be no onlooker crossing of Jordan a life-long passing through the river of death. Could these girls know what was before them? We asked one of them, as she came near us, why they had come together, and he answered quickly, "There's to be a lot for volunteers."

After a short time an Officer of the Home entered, took his station at one side of the room, and in a few words of command, and a few simple evolutions ranged the waiting crowd into orderly ranks, which stretched from door to platform.

"I'll fight till I die, and never run away," they sang now, and as the martial chorus ended, an echoing volley of "Amen!" greeted the entrance of the Commandant.

"I want you to sing before the Lord today," said he. "I believe there are in this Training House many men for foreign service. It's not an easy post I have to offer you, but I want, it is one of usefulness. I ask you now to do nothing but what you can do bravely and consecratedly before God. If it is true for each of you, sing these words.

"No dwelling on earth have I, No home on earth have I, My home-place is the Most High, I'm under His control."

Full and strong the words rang out—out one voice sang to another, then followed the fitting chorus.

"Jesus is mine." They sang it softly, with closed eyes and clasped hands, and their faces had more fervently than even their lips sang, "Jesus is mine."

One of the most out of all the rest, I had noticed it at first as being out of the lot, but it was in song—

Lord, Pick, Cut, Throat.

Suffer the Little Ones to come unto ME.

What acc't will you give to God for your children?



Parents bring your little children to Christ.

OFFICERS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO SAVE THEM?

have been published to the four winds of Heaven. We have gloried in this Divine alliance. We have been proud to enjoy the privilege of having our poor little "poor" State included in the Divine Kingdom. We have not meanly made any reservations with regard to possible contingencies. We have said we would gladly risk our life, sink or swim, with our brethren, and take our lot with Him wherever that lot might be.

Now my comrades, is there any need that I should remind you of these (poor) contingencies? I need not say that Jehovah can be treacherous to you to fulfil His part of the treaty to the letter. No soldier for break or forbidding appearance may be; no matter what devil may tempt, no matter what weakness, faint-hearted natures—whose in the

break them is, doubtless, the result of ignorance. Thoughtlessness means weakness. Surely a large number of soldiers who mean life or death, Salvation or damnation, must be with a little consideration.

Standing to your treaty means availing yourself of all the help God has placed at your disposal. You cannot succeed in this warfare if you go on your own resources only. The help of His arm, Jehovah's arm. Throw yourself upon

could not get it rightly, and let no one know of it. I told him as he had wept the devil openly, so he must come to God openly, just then. I got him to kneel down, and told him to pray. For some minutes he could only say, "Oh God," then, as he prayed, he broke down and said, "Lord, lead me from sin." Through Jesus' blood save me. He told me that he had been a soldier of the devil at once, without repenting all his life, and he went away rejoicing. Contrary to that to mind me, apparently, the chimney-sweep, the milkman, and below, all have said to be saved. Let us do our best to reach all.

Are you getting any Subscribers for the "merry."

THAMESVILLE.

Thamesville camp is going up. Jesus' teaching is so far reaching. The attendance in our hall is increasing. God order and wisdom. Opponents are many, but they are not so strong. Many are speaking with boldness. Sunday morning half-holiday teachers are not so strong. At the first meeting we were more to our Heavenly Father, and we were less prepared to our hearts, and we were prepared with joy unspeakable. Moreover, as in the earth in the middle run, but Salvation won't melt. Hallelujah! Night, half light. Soldiers speaking with liberty and power. Deep conviction. We are believing for work, and the Lord will give them. This week, I have been.

Lord, Pick, Cut, Throat.

